

NO 15  
FEBRUARY

IND.



MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# HERBIE

12¢

SO HELP ME,  
I'LL BOP HIM  
WITH THIS HERE  
LOLLIPOP!

IN THIS HOWL-  
HAPPY ISSUE:-  
**'CALL ME  
SCHLEMIENH!**  
...and **HERBIE  
GOES NAP-  
HAPPY!**

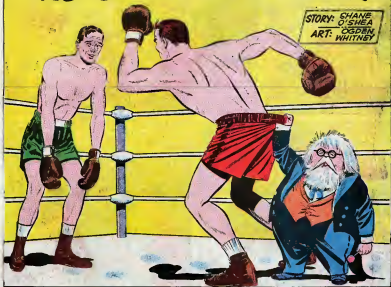
**PTODEY!  
PHOO!**



"SCHLEMIHL --- FROM THE ANCIENT GREEK MEANING SCHLEMIHL---A SQUARE-TYPE JERK WITH KOOKEY OVERTONES!" GOT IT, BUSTER? THEN LET'S LEAP ABOARD THE YUK-YUK TRUCK WITH THE ONE AND ONLY HERBIE! DESTINATION 87,216 BELLY-LAFFS IN THE HOWL STORY WE'VE NAMED---

# "Call me SCHLEMIHL!"

STORY: SHANE O'SHEA  
ART: OGDEN WHITNEY



## WASHINGTON, D.C. A GREAT MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF HERBIE POPNECKER---

...AND THIS MEDAL IS BEING AWARDED TO **HERBIE** FOR BRAVERY, COURAGE, GUTS AND MOXIE, NOT TO MENTION LIBERAL QUANTITIES OF THE OL' RAZZMETAZZ!

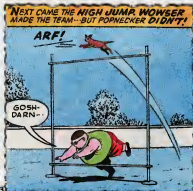
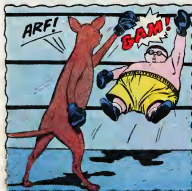
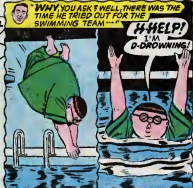
THANKS, VICE-PRESIDENT HUMPHREY. DESERVE IT.



:PUFF:---SURE, MAYBE IT'S GREAT THING BEING **HERBIE POPNECKER**, READER, BUT NOT ALWAYS SO EASY ON ACCOUNT I **WORRY!** TELL YOU ABOUT MY GREATEST WORRY RIGHT NOW---









NOW DAD HAD SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT.  
ALL RIGHT---

NOBODY EVER GIVES ME ANY  
CREDIT! NEVER GAVE ME ANY  
CREDIT FOR WHAT I CHANGED  
MYSELF INTO---HOW I  
MANAGED TO RISE  
ABOVE BEING  
A LITTLE FAT  
NOTHING---



"OH, HOW  
I DIETED..."

"AND OH, HOW I  
EXERCISED..."



"AND THEN---THEY STRETCHED ME!"

UGH! WE  
MADE A GOOD  
START--- NOW LET'S  
PUT HIM IN THE  
MACHINE!

RUGGA-  
RUGGA-  
RUGGA



BUT NOW I'M IN **REAL**  
TROUBLE! I'M SO CRAZY ABOUT  
MOM---AND I WAS DOPE ENOUGH  
TO CHALLENGE THAT BIG LUG  
**PUD**---AND HE'LL BEAT ME ALL  
HOLLOW---AND WHAT'LL  
MOM THINK OF ME  
THEN? OH-HHHH---

FEEL  
BAD  
FOR  
HIM.  
GOTTA  
THINK  
OF  
SOME  
WAY TO  
HELP.



MEANWHILE, PUD WANTED  
PUBLICITY. HE GAVE OUT A  
PRESS INTERVIEW---

THAT'S RIGHT---POPNECKER  
HAS AGREED THAT THE  
RECEIPTS OF OUR BOXING  
MATCH BE DONATED TO  
**PEEPWHISTLE PREP**,  
TO BUILD A NEW SCHOOL  
OF MUSIC. AND **DEAN**  
**WHIFFENPOOFSKI** OF  
THE MUSIC FACULTY HAS  
GRACIOUSLY CONSENTED  
TO ACT AS REFEREE!



JUST BEFORE THE BIG FIGHT  
---DEAN WHIFFENPOOFSKI  
WAS TRAINING FOR HIS  
DUTIES AS REFEREE  
BY PLAYING HIS  
VIOLIN---

DEAN  
WHIFFENPOOFSKI  
REFEREE, EH?  
MAKE SURE  
TO SEE  
HIM BEFORE  
FIGHT.

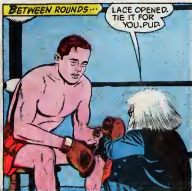
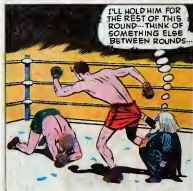
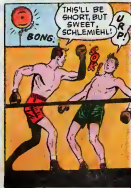
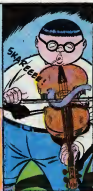


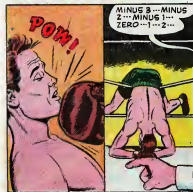
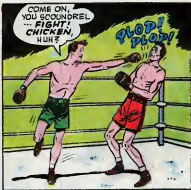
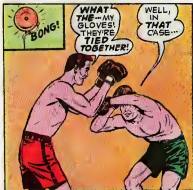
PARDON,  
LIKE TO BORROW  
VIOLIN FOR  
SECOND.

WANT TO PLAY  
FOR YOU. MIGHT  
BE GREATEST  
VIOLINIST IN  
WORLD... YOU  
WOULDN'T WANT  
TO BE RESPONSIBLE  
FOR **NOT** DISCOVER-  
ING ME, WOULD  
YOU?

YOU'VE GOT  
A POINT THERE.  
ALL RIGHT,  
GO AHEAD  
---**SHOW**  
ME!





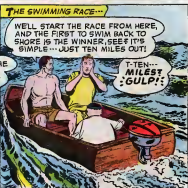






WANNA CHALLENGE  
---CASSIUS CLAY,  
GONNY LISTON, FLOYD  
P-PATTERSON! FIGHT  
---ALL THREE OF 'EM  
---ONE TIME!

I'LL GET YOU IN THE  
SWIMMING RACE,  
SO HELP ME!

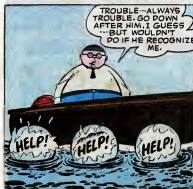
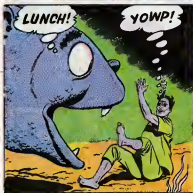


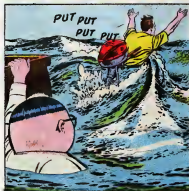
### THE SWIMMING RACE---

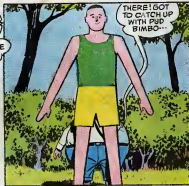
WE'LL START THE RACE FROM HERE,  
AND THE FIRST TO SWIM BACK TO  
SHORE IS THE WINNER, SEE? IT'S  
SIMPLE---JUST TEN MILES OUT!

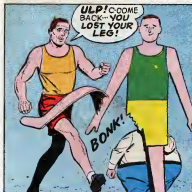


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AT THAT RATE, KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING TO WIND UP GOT TO GO AFTER HIM--SEE THAT HE DOESN'T GET INTO TROUBLE AND BRING HIM BACK. MEANS ANOTHER DISGUISE, SO I DON'T GIVE MYSELF AWAY.



THAT--THAT'S A PLANET DOWN THERE--AND I'M F-FALLING!



**PLANET GOOFUS.**

ALTITUDE:  
PLENTY, JACK!  
WATCH  
OUT FOR  
DINOSAURS!



WOSSAMATTER--YA CAN'T READ? WATCH OUT FOR DINOSAURS, IT SEZ!

OWOOOOOOO!



NO USE RUNNING--YA CAN'T GET AWAY! I'M A SPECIAL SCHLEMIHL-EATING DINOSAUR!

H-HELP ME, SOMEBODY!



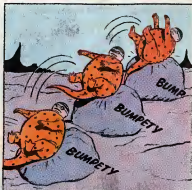
SOMEBODY WAS CALLING IF?



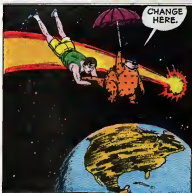
LISTEN, BUSTER--I'M A SCHLEMIHL-EATING DINOSAUR AND YOU LOOK PRETTY SCHLEMIHL TO ME!

PUT YOUR POWER WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS. COME OUT FIGHTING.









WELL---DAD NEVER DID THINGS THE EASY WAY---

HOW'D YOU COME HERE, MAC? WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO, HUH?

EVERYTHING'S PERFECTLY NORMAL, OFFICER. I J-UST HIGH-JUMPED 153 MILLION MILES UP TO THE P-PLANET GOOFUS---AND--AND THERE WAS THIS SCHLEMIHL-EATING DINOSAUR UP THERE---AND ALONG CAME THIS OTHER DINOSAUR, THE FAT ONE WITH THE G-GLASSES---AND WE LEFT ON THE 5:23 COMET---



NOT ONLY DRUNK, BUT A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME. I'M A CITIZEN! I...



OKAY, MISTER, YOU CAN GO. YOUR WIFE HERE JUST PAID YOUR BAIL.

I KNEW SHE WOULD! AFTER ALL, A CHAMP LIKE ME IS WORTH HAVING AROUND! ANY WOMAN WOULD BE LUCKY TO HAVE ME!



WELL---SO I'M LUCKY TO HAVE YOU, AM I? ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU'RE A LOUD-MOUTH, JUST LIKE THAT AWFUL PUD BIMBO! I CAN'T STAND HIM AND I NEVER COULD---AND NOW I CAN SEE THAT YOU'RE NO BETTER!

AW, MOM---PUH-LEEZE!



WHY DO YOU THINK I DROPPED HIM BACK IN SCHOOL AND TURNED TO YOU---BECAUSE YOU USED TO BE MODEST! I LIKED THE OLD YOU---NOT THIS NEW MODEL YOU'VE TURNED INTO!

I---I TAKE IT ALL BACK! HONEST I'M STILL THE OLD SWEETHEART YOU KNEW---I'VE JUST BEEN TRYING TO IMPRESS YOU!



SHOW ME YOU STILL LOVE ME, HONEY. CALL ME SCHLEMIHL!

SCHLEMIHL---DARLING!

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!



SO YOU SEE, READER---MY GREATEST WORRY TURNED OUT ALL RIGHT. GREAT THINGS BEING HERBIE POPNECKER AFTER ALL. IF YOU DISAGREE WITH ME---YOU WANT I SHOULD BOP YOU WITH THIS HERE LOLLIPOP?





# HERE'S HERBIE!



In good mood today, fans. Just hopped bejeepers out of dopey Editor and all's right with world. Even you readers look good to me. That's why am bringing you this special issue. Better than you deserve, but am good-natured sort of slob. "Call Me Schlemiehl" different from anything ever read before. Better. Magnificent. Called in accountants, who report 7,316 howls per page. Demand minimum of 7,316 howls from each and every fan reading story. Otherwise, guarantee to go bop-crazy and subtract teeth from everyone falling below this minimum. Demand letters from all you readers reporting on laugh totals. Address mail to "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. And before going on to review kind of mail I've been getting, have special announcement. All set? Well, don't dare miss "Herbie" No. 16 March issue, due on newsstands about middle of January. One and only "Fat Fury" due back in laff-action humdinger. Greatest costume-hero of all time, right? What else? So see him poop into action in tooth-chattering yarn called "Don't Mess Around With The Fat Fury!" Read it while you still have tooth left to chatter. Now let's get on with mail.

"Dear Herbie:-

I think your mag is great! But I feel you should have more on the costumed 'Fat Fury' stories. What gets me is how you can get mad, but never change your facial expression. At school (Nash Jr. High), I, too, am called the 'Fat Fury'. If you get mad at this, I'm sorry. But I tell them that I'm Fat Fury The Second—and that Herbie Popnecker is the first and original Fat Fury! From Fat Fury No. 2 to Fat Fury No. 1—

—Steve Causey,  
314 Oakview Drive, Smyrna, Georgia."

*Sure my mag's great—goes without saying. Could have more "Fat Fury" stories, but don't want to spoil you fans. Don't want to change facial expression—very handsome the way it is. Not mad because they call you Fat Fury—after all, am fatter and more furious than you.*

"Dear Herbie:-

I was just looking over the book where you take a course in being a super-hero. You shouldn't take lessons from them—they should take lessons from you. You are undoubtedly the world's fattest hero. My mother likes you, my brother thinks you are the greatest, my dad likes you—and most of all, I like you! The story I liked best was 'Beware Of The B-Bomb, Buster'. Herbie, you are supercalafragalisticexpalladocious. In other words, the greatest. Your book is worth a hillion times more than the 12c it costs. The Fat Fury's costume is the living end. Why don't you have a duel with one of the super-heroes? The biggest Herbie-lover in the world—

—Mark Relovsky,  
3153 East 63, Cleveland, Ohio 44127."

*Am now giving lessons in being costume hero, Mark. Gladly teach you. Demand pay in lollipops. Carload lots, please. Want to tell you that everybody likes me, discretion being greater part of valor. Even I like me, because—frankly—am bit scared of me. Again frankly, book not worth hillion times more than its cost. Trillion more like it. Reason why no duel with super-heroes is because they're too chicken.*

"Dear Herbie:-

In 'Lookit All The Herbies', 4 Herbies came out of the Scanner Ray. So how come we see 5 of them behind the real Herbie in page five, picture 5?

—Edna Peden,  
Rte. 6, Dalton, Georgia 30720."

*Don't look gift horse in mouth, Edna. You get extra Herbie, right? So how lucky can you get?*

"Dear Herbie:-

The 11th issue (August) of 'Herbie' was magnificent! 'Christopher Columbus Popnecker' surpassed all other 'Herbie' stories in plot, origin and art. Now I realize that our history books are wrong, and am dying to

read the next issue. 'Herbie' is tops with me! I have a suggestion—in the future I would like to see a 'Herbie Annual' where old Herbie stories would be reprinted. I would also like to see other ACG annuals. A fan forever—

—Dale Blakeney,  
3301 Cimmaron, Midland, Texas."

*When you read my book, Dale, you get real loud on history. Every word true, of course. Never lie. Keep watching . . . sometime soon, will bring you McCoy on Napoleon.*

\* \* \*

"Dear Herbie:-

Great, stunning, terrific, colossal and the comic with the most lollipop-bopping in the universe. I'm talking about 'Herbie'—the comic that will make your brains fall out! And I want to say that I'd like to see more 'Fat Fury' adventures!

—Antonio Austria,  
6 Citadel Drive, Jackson, N. J. 08527."

*Like this fella Antonio. Very smart. Knows how to use right words.*

\* \* \*

"Dear Herbie:-

One day I happened to be looking for a different kind of comic to read. I saw your picture and had to laugh. Then I read the book, and it was even funnier than you look! I showed it to my big brother, who said, 'Herbie looks so stupid that he's handsome!' And then he read it and went mad. If you ever stop your book, I'll bop you alongside the head with my tootsie-roll!

—Sammy Duyka,  
617 Bell Street, Wharton, Texas."

*Sometimes feel bad, Sammy, because of mistakes people make about me. Like thinking I'm funny-looking when am really unanimous choice for Mr. America. Real lover-type . . . women mad for me, men jealous. About your silly threat to me, am curious. Tootsie-rolls good for bopping?*

\* \* \*

"Dear Herbie:-

I think your comics book is the best ever put out. If something made me laugh like this, it had to be funny! When I got my first 'Herbie', I thought it would turn out to be just another run-of-the-mill comic. Wow! Was I ever wrong! I could go on and on about you, but sorry—no more paper to

write on! Please ask your sore-from-bopping Editor to put your comic out once a week!

—Paul Ruby,  
14002½ Yukon Ave., Hawthorne, Cal."

*Won't ask Editor anything, Paul . . . faints when he sees me coming. Howls even before I bop him . . . bleeds when I'm just in same room with him. Can't understand why he acts scared of sweet, lovable type like me. Anyway, don't feel I should come out once a week. Every day would be better.*

\* \* \*

"Dear Herbie:-

Listen to me! Your comic is great. You better let it stay that way. I just read No. 11—it was terrific. Are you thinking of coming out weekly? P.S.: Keep up the good work, or . . . Beware The B-Bomb, Buster!

—Jeffrey Pruski,  
31 Guilford Court, East Haven, Conn."

*You threatening me, Jeffrey? Admire your nerve, so have decided to let you live. About this weekly jazz, see what I said to Paul, preceding letter.*

\* \* \*

"Dear Herbie:-

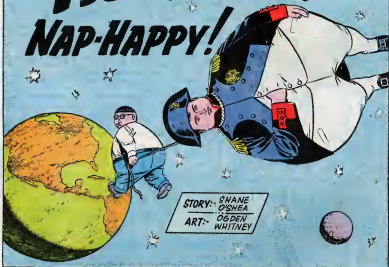
I would like to know how you (1) Got fat (2) Learned to like lollipops. (3) Walk on air and water. I've got to confess that I've missed a few of your issues—are you going to bop me with your lollipop? I hope not, since I still love what comics I have of yours. I think you're very good-looking, and I like lollipops just as much as you do. A pretty faithful fan who's hoping to keep what teeth he has—

—Ronnie Suptic,  
9604 Windsor, Overland Park, Kansas."

*Lot of information you want, Ronnie. Am good-natured type, so will give you answers. Born fat—gift from gods. And getting continually fatter. Can't have too much of good thing my motto. Also born loving lollipops, sure sign of excellent taste. With every day that passes, love them more, also positive sign of superior intelligence. Walking on air and water bit harder to come by as well as explain. Can only say that even air and water love me so much they don't want to let me down. Lastly, won't stand for your missing issues of my magazine. Will let you go unbopped if promise never to let it happen again. But next offense will definitely result in multiple contusions and lacerations.*

GO AHEAD, FANS...**READ!** AND WHILE YOU'RE READING, YOU'D BETTER LAUGH, SEE? NOT JUST ONE LAUGH, BUT LOTS OF 'EM, IF YOU VALUE YOUR TEETH! THE REASON? OUR PLUMP LUMP'S GOT YOU BUGGED, SO HELP US...WITH SPECIAL INVISIBLE LOLLIPOPS THAT COUNT EVERY LAST CHUCKLE AND ROAR, IF YOU DON'T GIVE OUT WITH PLenty, IT'LL BE POW...**RIGHT IN THE KISSER!** BETTER SPLIT YOUR SIDES OR OUR HERO WILL DO IT FOR YOU AS YOU CAST YOUR EYES OVER...

# HERBIE Goes NAP-HAPPY!



STORY:- SHANE O'SHEA  
ART:- OGDEN WHITNEY

ALL YOU PARENTS MUST REMEMBER THAT A BOY NEEDS THE PROPER TYPE OF FRIENDS...NORMAL, AVERAGE, DOWN-TO-EARTH FRIENDS...

I'LL BUY THAT, MAYBE THAT'S WHAT'S BEEN WRONG WITH OUR HERBIE!

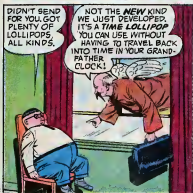
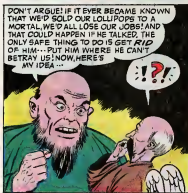
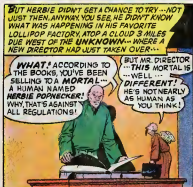


SO DAD DECIDED TO OBSERVE HERBIE'S FRIENDS VERY, VERY CAREFULLY. WELL... HERBIE WAS VERY FRIENDLY WITH PROFESSOR FLIPDOME, NEXT DOOR...

I'M GOING TO LET YOU HELP ON MY NEW INVENTION, HERBIE. YOU ADD AIR TO SYRUP, SO IT'LL NEVER BE NECESSARY TO BREATHE AGAIN. ALL YOU DO IS ORDER A STACK OF PANCAKES AND YOU'RE IN BUSINESS.

GULP!  
THIS IS NORMAL?





ALL WE ASK IS THAT YOU GIVE IT A TRYOUT. USE THIS FREE SAMPLE AND JUST SEE IF IT DOESN'T GIVE YOU THE FASTEST, SMOOTHEST TIME TRIP YOU EVER HAD!



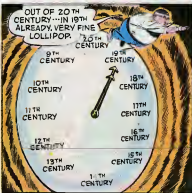
SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH. TRY GOING BACK TO TIME OF NAPOLEON --- NEVER VISITED WITH HIM YET. WORKS WELL, MAY GIVE YOU GOOD ORDER.

AND AS HERBIE THRUST THE NEW TIME LOLLIPOP INTO HIS MOUTH---

SEEMS PRETTY GOOD. NEVER SAW SUCH PICKUP.

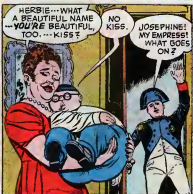


HA-HA! HE DOESN'T KNOW WE'VE GIVEN HIM A ONE-WAY TIME LOLLIPOP! HE'LL BE STRANDED BACK IN NAP'S TIME AND NEVER GET BACK TO CAUSE US TROUBLE!



YOU WONDERFUL, HANDSOME, ROMANTIC DREAM, YOU! MY NAME'S JOSEPHINE --- WHAT'S YOURS?

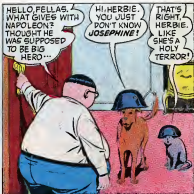
HERBIE.



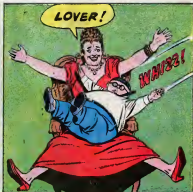
HERBIE---WHAT A BEAUTIFUL NAME --- YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, TOO. --- KISS?

NO KISS.

JOSEPHINE! MY EMPRESS! WHAT GOES ON?







(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

